"THE TRUTH SHALL MAKE YOU FREE."—CHRIST.

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THE OTHER SIDE.

BREAKFAST was just over at the parsonage, the table was cleared away, the chairs set back, and Mrs. Ashton, in a neat morning dress, with a pretty little cap on her pretty little head, was standing with her arm over her tall husband's shoulder looking at the morning papers. And as fine looking a pair they were as you are likely to see on a summer day. The Reverend Clement Ashton was indeed regarded as the handsomest man in the world, and with good reason. Whether he ever had an idea of his own on the subject, was entirely his own affair.

Mrs. Ashton, as she was styled by the parish—Christiana, as her god-father and god-mother named her—Chrissy, as her brothers and husband called her—was not usually regarded as remarkably handsome. Her features were not very regular, and she was not very fair, but her eyes were so bright and so clear, her figure so elastic and trim, her abundant hair, and above all, her frank, easy manner, and the expression of sunny good temper and perfect openness lighting up her face, made most people consider her a very attractive woman. Every one in the parish liked her, from the two old people who sat near the stove in church and always came round to get their dinner at the parsonage on Sunday, to Mrs. Dr. Rush, who was by far the grandest lady in the parish.

Mr. and Mrs. Ashton had been married about six months, after an engagement of almost three years, during which time they had corresponded vigorously, but had seen very little of each other, for Mr. Ashton was an assistant in an overgrown parish in one of our large cities, and could seldom be spared; and Chrissy was a teacher in another great city, where she supported herself, and helped by her labours to educate one of her brothers for the ministry. It was not till this brother had finished his studies, and was on an independent footing, that she had consented to be married.

"George cannot support himself entirely," she said, in answer to the remonstrance of her lover; "he is not strong enough to labour as many of the young men do, and he needs my help. I know that he has talents that will make him eminently useful in the calling he has chosen; I know, too, that if he attempts any more than he is doing, his health will fail, and he will become discouraged. You must content yourself to board awhile longer with your good friend Mrs. Bickler, Clement."

And to this resolution she stedfastly adhered, despite Clement's persuasions and those of George, who was much distressed at the thought that his sister's marriage should be put off on his account. Under these circumstances the lovers did not see each other, and they were finally married without Chrissy ever having suspected her husband of any infirmity of temper. She had suffered much on discovering that such was the case, and felt inclined sometimes to wish she had never been disenchanted; but she was a very wise woman; she knew her husband's intrinsic excellencies, and his weakness, and altering an old maxim to suit her purpose, she resolved both to endure and cure.

"What do you set about to-day?" said she, as Mr. Ashton arose from the corner of the sofa, having exhausted the paper.

"Visiting," replied his reverence. "I must go up to old Mrs. Balcomb's, and

see the Joneses and try to prevail on Phil Taggart to let his children come to Sunday School once more. Then I have to see Maggie Carpenter, who is much worse again; and if I have time I shall get into the omnibus and ride out to the mills to see that girl Miss Flower mentioned to me yesterday."

"What a round! exclaimed Chrissy, "You will never get home to dinner at two o'clock. I think I will put off till six, and run the risk of being thought 'stuck up,' like poor cousin Lily."

"What do you mean?"

"Why, you know they always dine at six to suit the Doctor's arrangements. One day Lily called about some society matter, on a lady who lived not a hundred miles from her street, about five o'clock in the afternoon. The lady herself came to the door, and Lily was about entering, when she thought she perceived the smell of roast beef in the hall, and said very politely, 'Perhaps it is now your dinner hour?'"

"'No, indeed!' replied madam, with indignation. 'We don't dine at this time of day; we are not so stuck up!'"

"Poor Lily!" exclaimed Mr. Ashton laughing. "What did she say?"

"Oh, she did her errand and retired, of course. There was nothing to be said."

Mr. Ashton turned to go into the study, and as he did so, his foot caught in the carpet, and he was nearly thrown down. Chrissy started in alarm, but he recovered himself, and said pettishly: "I wish you would have that carpet nailed down. I have stumbled over it twenty times in the course of a week, I really believe."

"I thought Amy had fastened it down," replied his wife with mildness. "I am sure I saw her at her work there. The door must pull it out of place, I think."

"Oh! of course there is some excellent reason for its being out of order. It seems to me that with all your ingenuity you might find some way of making it more secure."

He turned into the study, shutting the door after him with unnecessary force, and Mrs. Ashton returned to the fire and arranged her work-basket for the day, with something of a cloud on her face. She was not left long undisturbed, for Mr. Ashton's voice was soon heard calling her in an impatient tone. She sighed, but arose and entered the next room, where she found her husband before his bureau, partly dressed, and with shirts, handkerchiefs, and cravats, scattered about him, like a new kind of snow, while his face bore an expression of melancholy reproach at once painful and ludicrous.

"What is the matter?" she asked.

"Oh, the old story. No button where it ought to be! Not a shirt ready for wear! I do not mean to be unreasonable," he continued in an agitated voice, as he tumbled over the things, to the manifest discomfiture of the clean linen, "but really, Chrissy, I think you might see that my clothes are in order. I am sure that I would do more than that for you, but here I am delayed and put to the greatest inconvenience, because you cannot sew on these buttons. I should think that a little of the time you spend in writing to George and Henry might as well be bestowed on me."

This address was delivered in a tone of mournful distress which might have been justified, perhaps, if Mrs. Ashton had picked his pocket of his sermon as he was going to church.

"What is the matter with this shirt?" said Chrissy, quietly examining one of the discarded garments. "It seems to have all the buttons in their place; and this one, too, is quite perfect; and here is another. My dear husband, how many shirts do you usually wear at a time?"

"Oh! it is very well for you to smile, my love, but I do assure you I found several with no means of fastening the wristbands. We had breakfast late; and now I shall be detained half-an-hour when I ought to be away. I know you mean well; but if you had served a year's apprenticeship to my mother before you were married, it might have been all the better for your housekeeping."

"It might have prevented it altogether," thought Chrissy; but the thought was repressed in a moment. She picked up and replaced the scattered apparel, folded the snowy cravats, warmed her husband's overshoes, and saw that the beautiful little communion service presented by a lady of the parish, and consecrated to

such sufferers as Maggie Carpenter, was in readiness. Before he left the house, Mr. Ashton had forgotten both his fretfulness and its cause. He kissed his wife, thanked her for her trouble, and proposed that she should send for Lily to spend the day with her, and strode away with his usual elasticity of step.

Chrissy watched him from the door till he turned into the next street, and then went back to the fireside and her own reflections. This fretfulness and tendency to be disturbed at little matters was almost her husband's only fault. He was self-sacrificing to the last degree; faithful and indefatigable as an apostle, almost, in his professional labours, liberal to a fault, and in his administration of parish matters, wise and conciliating to all. He could bear injuries with the greatest patience, and was never known to show resentment.

But with all these good qualities, Mr. Ashton had one fault—a fault which threatened to disturb, and finally destroy the comfort of married life. If his wife by extravagance or bad management had wasted his income and involved him in difficulties, it is probable that he would never have spoken an unkind word to her; but the fact of a button being missed, or a book removed from its place, would produce a lamentation half indignant and half pathetic, which rung in Chrissy's ears, and made her heart ache after Clement had forgotten the circumstance altogether. Strange as it may seem, Mr. Ashton never thought of this habit, of which he was but imperfectly conscious as to its being a fault.

He thought, indeed, that it was a pity he should be sensitive, and sometimes said that he wished he had not such love for order and symmetry, for then he should not be so often annoyed by the disorderly habits of other people. He said to himself that it was one of his peculiar trials, that even Chrissy, perfect as she was, did not come up to his ideas in this respect; but that the temper with which he met what he was pleased to call his peculiar trials, ever became a trial to other people he did not imagine. He had indeed remarked, in spite of himself, that Chrissy's face was not as cheerful, nor her spirits as light as when they were first married, and he regretted that the cares of housekeeping should weigh heavily upon her; but nothing was further from his thoughts than that anything in himself could have produced the change.

Mr. Ashton, exhausted with his day's work, turned toward home with his mind full of all he had seen and felt. He said very little during dinner, but when the table-cloth was removed, and he sat down in his dressing gown and slippers before the fire, he related to his wife all the events of the day, describing with all the enthusiasm of his earnest nature the patience and holy resignation he had witnessed, and ended by saying: "Certainly religion has power to sustain and console under all trials, and under every misfortune—"

"Excepting the loss of a button," replied Chrissy, seriously. "That is a misfortune which neither philosophy nor religion can enable one to sustain."

The Reverend Mr. Ashton started as though a pistol had been discharged at his ear.

"Why, what do you mean, Chrissy?"

"Just what I say," returned Chrissy, with the same soberness. "Yourself for instance: you can bear with the greatest resignation the loss of friends and misfortune. I never saw you ruffled by rudeness or abuse from others, or show any impatience under severe pain; but the loss of a button from your shirt, or a nail from the carpet, gives you a perfect right to be unreasonable, unkind, and I must say it—unchristian."

Mr. Ashton arose and walked up and down the room in some agitation.

"I did not think, my love," he said at last, in a trembling tone, "that you would attach so much importance to a single hasty word; perhaps I spoke too quickly; but even if it were so, did we not promise to be patient with each other's infirmities? I am very glad to bear with—"

Mr. Ashton paused; he was an eminently truthful man, and upon consideration he could not remember that he ever had anything to bear from his wife, aside from the shirt buttons, etc., which he was now becoming conscious he had not borne very patiently.

"If it were only once, my dear husband, I should say nothing about it; but you do not seem in the least aware how the

habit has grown upon you. There has not been a day this week in which you have not made my heart ache by some such outburst of fretfulness."

Mr. Ashton was astonished; but as he began to reflect he was still more surprised to feel that his wife's accusations were quite true.

One day it had been about the front door mat, the next about a mislaid Review, and then a lost pair of gloves, which, after all, were found in his own pockets. He felt that it was all true, and as his own conscience brought forward one instance of unkindness after another—real unkindness—he sat down again and covered his face with his hands.

"But this is not the worst," continued Chrissy, becoming agitated in turn. "I fear—I cannot help fearing—that I shall be led to feel as I ought not towards you. I fear lest I shall in time lose the power of respecting my husband; and when respect goes, Clement, love does not last long. This very morning I found myself wishing I had never known you." Chrissy burst into tears, an unusual demonstration for her; and Clement, springing up once more, traversed the room once or twice, and then sat down by his wife's side.

"Christiana," he said, mournfully, "I have deserved—I feel that I have, but to lose your respect, your love—my punishment is greater than I can bear, Chrissy."

"It was but the thought of a moment," replied Chrissy, checking her sobs; "but I am frightened that the idea should have entered my head. If I should, I would rather die this moment."

"God forbid!" ejaculated her husband as he clasped her in his arms. "But why, my dearest, have you never told me of this before?"

"It is neither a grateful nor a graceful office for a wife to reprove her husband, or a woman her pastor," replied Chrissy, laying her head on his shoulder; "and if I had not been left here all day, I think I should hardly have got up my courage now. But if you are not angry I am glad that I have told you all that was in my heart; for indeed, my dear, it has been a sad, aching heart this time. And now I must tell you how those two unlucky shirts came to be buttonless."

"No, don't say a word about them, my love," said Clement impatiently. "I will never complain again, if the sleeves are missing as well as the buttons."

"But I must tell you, because I really mean to have my housekeeping affairs in as good order as any one. I was looking over your shirts yesterday afternoon, and put them all to rights but these two, when Mrs. Lennox came in in great distress, to say that her sister's child was much worse, and they feared dying; so I dropped all and went over there. You know how it was. No one had any calmness or presence of mind. The child's convulsions were frightful to witness; the mother was in hysterics, and Mrs. Lennox worse than nobody at all. It was nearly midnight before I could get away, and in the mean time Amy had put the room in order, and restored the shirts to their places."

Here Amy put her head into the room. "If you please, missus, a young woman in the kitchen would like to see missus a minute."

Missus arose and went into the kitchen and Mr. Ashton, taking a candle from the table, entered the study and locked himself in. Chrissy waited for a long time, and at last went and tapped at the door. It was opened to her with a fervent kiss, and though there were not many words said on either side, there was a light in the eyes of the husband and wife which showed the understanding was perfect between them.—*Star of the West.*

THE EXCELLENCY OF UNITARIANISM.

BY THOMAS BOWRING.

UNITARIANISM is the fruit of the Spirit, and we know *that* Spirit to be love, joy, peace, with everything else that is of good report. It is the true doctrine of the Scriptures; the doctrine preached by the Master on the mount of beatitudes; the doctrine preached by his Apostle Paul on Mars' Hill; it is the doctrine according to godliness. The Unitarian who understands, who values and who acts on his principles, must have all peace and joy in believing; and it matters nothing in itself considered, whether the doctrine be popular or

unpopular—be the creed of the many or the few—most willing and most anxious as is the believer that its animating and consolatory truths be the common property of his brethren of mankind, and most desirous to aid their progress by every lawful means—he is yet content to wait the issues of divine wisdom—he works on also "bating no jot of heart or hope," in full assurance of faith, that in God's own time he shall be known as One—his name and his praise One.

I.—The excellency of Unitarianism consists—First, in that it holds the *oneness* of God in all its simplicity and its purity—most distinctly and most clearly. No scholastic terms are necessary for its definition. It never travels out of the Scripture records. Scripture language best explains it. It is the doctrine of all Nature; it is the doctrine of the Bible from beginning to end. The Divine Unity blazes forth from the first chapter of Genesis—it burns resplendently through the whole sacred volume—and it shines with undiminished lustre in the last chapter of the Apocalypse—"The Lord our God is one Lord"—"To us there is but one God, the Father"—and there is nothing to contradict, to qualify, to explain away the principle thus continually set forth. Search as we will, we shall not find the word *Trinity*, nor the phrases "God the Son," "God the Holy Ghost," "*God man*," anywhere in the Bible. A learned English clergyman tells us that Tertullian was the first Christian writer who used the word Trinity. Now, Tertullian lived nearly 150 years after our Lord's resurrection. Luther complained that this word Trinity was altogether cold; "far better," he says, "would it be to say God than Trinity." And Calvin indignantly remarks—"I dislike this vulgar prayer, 'Holy Trinity, One God, have mercy on us.'" To him it savoured altogether of barbarism. Unitarianism casts to the winds all such meagre and debasing phraseology. It knows nothing of language—uncouth and dissonant to the ear—most offensive to the devotional feelings—such as is to be found, in a notorious creed—"One God in Trinity and Trinity in Unity"—"One Father, not three Fathers," &c.—"Neither confounding the Persons nor dividing the substance"—and therefore, the Unitarian worshipper feels no harrassing doubts as to which of the Divine Persons he is to direct his supplications. Guided by the precept and by the example of his glorified Lord, he goes at once to the throne of the great God and Father of all, well knowing that he will hear and answer the prayer made in spirit and in truth—and so he knows that if God be one, then he must in himself be possessed of all power, and, being all powerful, he must be all-wise and all-good—and, being a Father, he will be kind and compassionate and forgiving to his frail offspring—will not require the innocent to suffer for the guilty, nor condemn his children to endless torments for that which they could not help—the transgression of their first human parents. He is taught that the son doth not bear the iniquity of the father, and that personal righteousness is alone the requisite to salvation. The doctrine also that God is One is the salt that preserves the world from utter degradation and ruin. Once parcel out the Deity, make more Gods than one, and farewell then to morality and to purity—men become earthly, sensual, and devilish. Unitarianism is the salt of the earth—the germ of all that is grand and exalted in creation. Unitarians have a sacred trust committed to them. The doctrine they profess is the lever to move the world.

II.—A second excellence of Unitarianism consists in its leading to cheering and elevating views of man's nature and destiny. It teaches that we—all human beings—are partakers of the Divine nature—that man is made in the image of God. Physically man is dust; naturally, in his animal state, he is a savage, with all the fierce unrestrained impulses of a savage, and yet, in this condition even he has capabilities—high endowments—he only wants favourable circumstances to develope and to improve these, and he wants also Divine grace to lead him in the way everlasting. Unitarianism magnifies the grace of God. The Unitarian acknowledges, deplores the sinfulness of human nature; but his theory of it is simple and scriptural. Man is at present very imperfect, and therefore is he prone to sin, for sin is the result of imperfection; but his nature coming

from the Father of Spirits, is capable of purification and advancement in knowledge and holiness, whilst his very lapses from duty show a nature originally great and excellent. The dogma of birth-sin—that Adam's fall has corrupted all his posterity to the very heart's core—must, where it is fully believed, have the most depressing effect on human exertions after goodness—must bar the soul's progress to excellence. Unitarianism places no such stumbling-block in the way to spirituality of life. It teaches that to men is given power to be the sons of God—power, however, they must exercise for themselves, with humble reliance on Divine aid, yet pressing onward with a glowing conviction that the labour will not be in vain in the Lord—and this is a delightful view, scriptural also, of human nature and human endeavours making continual progress, even through all eternity—never stopping, never coming to a point—thus justifying the ways of God whilst man is encouraged and advanced. The perfection of humanity is seen in the Lord Jesus, and he is our exemplar. So the Unitarian gratefully acknowledges that Christ suffered for us, but not in our stead—suffered as an example of piety, of patience, of submission to his Father's will. He died to redeem us from all iniquity—to save us from our sins—to shew us of what our nature is capable in the way of unselfish devotion to God and duty—thus to exalt our conceptions of it and of him who has bestowed it, that we might act worthy of our distinguished privileges.

III.—The excellency of Unitarianism is very manifest in the truths it makes known respecting Christ and his redemption. That Christ died to save the world Unitarians firmly, yea, joyfully believe. But to save the world from what? Not from the burning wrath of God, as many systems teach, but from the power of evil—from the world and all its temptations. Christ died not so much to absolve men from the punishment of sin as from sin itself. He blesses us by turning us away from our iniquities. The popular theology leaves the evil of sin untouched. Jesus, it is taught, died to save us from eternal torments; that he was vicariously punished for us, our guilt being transferred to him. Unitarianism points out a more excellent way—the justice and the mercy of God—whilst there can be neither justice nor mercy in vicarious suffering—"*That the righteous should be as the wicked that be far from thee.*" The commonly received doctrine has no tendency to deter from sin, nor to create abhorrence of its odious nature and its deathlike course. But Christ must not be made the minister of sin—the law must be shewn forth as honourable—the love of the Father be the supreme motive to universal obedience, and in this Unitarianism has greatly the pre-eminence.

And so with regard to the Lord Jesus himself, the Unitarian doctrine gives the most consistent, because scriptural idea. The opinion of the two natures in Christ is of the most puzzling kind. How can the Divine and the human be reconciled?—how can he be both God and man, and, at the same time, how can it be known when he speaks as the Supreme Jehovah—when as only the Son of Mary? The attempt leads only to confusion—to absurdity. The plain declarations of Holy Writ abundantly satisfy the Unitarian believer that Jesus was a man like his brethren—sin alone excepted—that he was a man approved of God—that as man he is appointed to judge the world—whilst by man, by him, came the resurrection from the dead. As a man he is the pattern and guide to his followers, and as a man he is the leader of many sons to glory; and the fact is sublime and most consoling also to us. We love and reverence him the more for being one of ourselves—we are thus engaged to the imitation of him—and in his exaltation to be our Prince and Saviour, we rejoice with joy unspeakable, because we know that we may become like him in the Divine life and likeness.

IV.—The excellence of Unitarianism is manifested in its pure morality; and it cannot be otherwise, because it is built on Prophets and Apostles—Jesus Christ himself being the chief corner-stone. It is a faith admitting of no substitutions for morality; and we have high authority for saying that such are at the root of every false religion, and, it may be added, of every perversion of the true religion. This high and holy faith pro-

claims that sin is the transgression of the law—that he who doeth righteousness is righteous. Hence it casts aside as a profane fable imputed righteousness; does not say—Put on the robe of Christ's righteousness—be clad in the Saviour's merits—and you are secure; it lays the utmost stress on personal holiness—that piety towards God and love to man can alone ensure final acceptance. Unitarianism at the same time encourages humility, a constant sense of accountability, a salutary fear of falling short in the great work of duty, and it discourages all reliance on our own merits, for the reward is of grace and not of debt. But Jesus was the great preacher of righteousness, and Unitarians take not a tittle from the moral law. That law they labour to uphold in all its integrity, and in all its fulness. Hence one grand reason why Unitarian preaching is not popular. No easy way is shewn by it to heaven—it flatters not the indolence of men—it does not speak peace where there is or there should be no peace. Still God in Christ reconciling the world to himself is preached—God merciful and gracious to the returning penitent—and joy to him who believes and acts with full purpose of heart. And O that all the Lord's people were prophets!—that all our preachers were as Apollos, mighty in the Scriptures!—as Paul, travailing till Christ be formed in their hearers!—as John, loving and exhorting to love continually! Then would the great truths of Unitarian Christianity shine forth as the sun in it strength. Then would they enlighten every mind, and warm every heart, and purify every tongue. Then would the supreme excellence of Unitarianism be acknowledged by all, and all would be made holy through its influence. "Come quickly, Lord Jesus."

VERBAL STATISTICS.—The annexed suggestion is made by a Nottingham journal: Professor Max Muller, in his admirable lectures on the Science of Language (call it, if you will, Glossology), tells us that out of the 50,000 words or so in the English tongue, it has been found that a rustic labourer only used 300. An ordinarily educated man is supposed to use 3000 or 4000, while a great orator reaches 10,000. The Old Testament contains 5642 different words; and the works of Shakespeare about 15,000; those of Milton, about 8000.

THE EXPERIENCES OF RUTH TAYLOR, GOVERNESS.

"I slept,—and dreamed that life was beauty;
"I woke,—and found that life was duty.
"Was my dream then a shadowy lie?
"Toil on, sad heart, courageously;
"And thou shall find thy dream shall be,
"A noon-day light and truth to thee."

WHILE instructing the children entrusted to my care, I became aware of faults of which I had never before been conscious. An over anxiety for my pupils' improvement manifested itself continually. I was vexed if they fell back in a slight degree. I became impatient with those who lagged behind the others in their intellectual improvement. Every fresh reading of the Scriptures seemed to point out to me more glaringly the defects of my own character. At first I was perplexed, and could scarcely believe that such feelings really existed in my mind. Then I felt overwhelmed at their continued recurrence. My only refuge was in solitary prayer. When my little charges had retired to rest, and I was left alone in the deserted schoolroom, I thought over all the events of the past day,—met steadily the errors which had manifested themselves, and then implored with intense earnestness that divine aid, which alone enabled me to overcome the trials I experienced. Some people may smile and imagine such trials too slight to be mentioned, but they are of infinite importance to those engaged in the business of education. I felt often that the utterance of a slight rebuke would be sufficient to withdraw from me the confidence of a timid child. We must deal tenderly even when we most condemn, and it behoves a christian mother, or teacher, to weigh well every word she utters, lest an evil impression may be made indelible for life. I found it an inexpressible relief to unburden my mind thus to my Heavenly Father, to enter into holy communion with Him, and receive the comfort of His Divine Spirit.

The Bible tells us we may become "more than conquerors through him who loved us, and gave himself for us." I resolved to take Christ as my example in all things, and thus to bear and forbear when most tried and tempted. This

resolution set me *at one* with myself again. It also reconciled me to the Word of Life, which had rebuked me so severely for my past misdoings. A sincere repentance led me back to God, and to our Saviour. This I felt is surely the meaning of *an atonement* or reconciliation through our Lord Jesus Christ. My feelings are altogether changed while thus I bear the image of my Saviour. Formerly I had imagined the blood of Christ would, by some supernatural means, cleanse me from all sin. Now I felt that his blood did indeed cleanse from all sin, but that it was only by imitating his sublime self-sacrifice. By laying down our lives for others, and for the truth as it was in Jesus. "Oh, thrice holy Saviour!" was I led continually to exclaim, as my fortitude was about to give way at the vexatious conduct of those around me, "Thou who didst suffer the insults of the multitude, and the ingratitude of those most nearly connected with thy every-day life, enable me also to prove myself worthy of following thee by bearing all things, hoping all things, endeavouring all things." When I thought of our Lord's divine charity,—of his love for all men, even for the greatest of sinners,—I could but adore his perfection as being truly "of the heavenly." Then I prayed with all humility, that I also might be "of the heavenly,"—that the beauty of his life might mould all my thoughts and feelings,—that I might be renewed in life as well as in hope. "As are the earthly, so are they also that are earthly; as are the heavenly so are they also that are heavenly." The need of a new birth, of that regeneration so earnestly insisted on by our Saviour, come forcibly to my mind at this time. I felt that we must, altogether and at once make the resolution to become "new creatures in Christ Jesus."

While thus pondering on my own mind, and humbly striving to lead a Christian life, it was an exceeding relief to be able to confer with my dear ones at home on the difficulties in my way. I met with entire sympathy, as might be expected, and with the kindest suggestions with regard to my own conduct. My father begged me not to despair if even I felt continually a relapse into my old faults. "A Christian must expect continual warfare," he added, "and can only thus prove himself a faithful soldier of Jesus Christ." He advised me, however, not to dwell too much on trials which chiefly arose from the situation in which I was placed, and from a natural constitution of mind. "It is through suffering we must advance towards perfection. If we were altogether perfect, we should not need this world as a scene of probation." "Remit," said he, "your own anxiety on the children's account. Try healthful amusements for them and yourself. Let your mind be renewed by a change of occupation. In this manner you will strengthen your energies, and prevent the intrusion of any morbid feeling."

Following out this wise advice, I attempted to lead my little charges to worship God through his works, and for this purpose our daily walks, otherwise dull and uninteresting, were devoted to an earnest search for the most curious and beautiful objects within our reach. We collected specimens of the various productions of the district, and classed them by means of books supplied by my dear father, from his small, but valuable library. Some of the children became very fair botanists in this manner. The country was very beautiful around us, and I encouraged my little companions to sketch scenes in which any thing remarkable to ourselves, or to others had occurred. An old gateway, a sign post, or the poorest cottage became in this way objects of interest to us. One venerable tree had sheltered us from the rain; beneath another we had found a little stray lamb; by this mossy bank we had relieved a poor traveller. The place was full of pleasant associations, and of incidents, simple in themselves, but calculated to make indelible and all-important impressions on young minds. It struck me forcibly that the characters of children may be far better formed in this way, than merely by formal instruction, and this mode of teaching need not be confined to the upper classes. The poorest peasant might do much for his little ones by leading them to observe, and take an interest in natural objects during their walks.

One circumstance which pained me

most sensibly at Woodlands, was the unvaried stiffness and frigidity of the Misses D——. We seldom saw them but at meals, and during the hours of study. I found subsequently that it was a general custom for the heads of an establishment for girls to be absent from their charges during the time of recreation. It is fully expected that from morning until night, the assistants should be wholly the guides and companions of the pupils. How far this is advantageous depends entirely on the character and disposition of the assistants. Certain it is, that according to the conscientious fulfilment of the task allotted to them, these children, most beloved in the sight of God, will be reared for time and for eternity. All schoolmistresses are not, however, so painfully indifferent to the real work of education as my employers. On the contrary, there are some who labour with mind and heart for all connected with them. It was not so, however, with the Misses D——, and so it happened that the school, which consisted of twelve children, fell almost wholly to my care. An old French governess, who had a room to herself, seldom interfered with my plans. She was all politeness and kindness, but perfectly indifferent to everything but her own peculiar branch of learning. The masters came and went, and all went on with the regularity of clock-work. And still the coldness of those with whom I associated fell like a leaden weight upon my spirits. Probably the fault lay justly in my own sensitive disposition, which inclined me to shrink from any appearance of unkindness. I was condemned to feel most painfully, the slight tie which bound me to my young charges, when during the following vacation I received a letter from my employers, declining my services for the future, unless I gave up the *very peculiar* plans I had recently adopted in the school. The chief causes of complaint were that they understood I held prayer-meetings with the children at an early hour every morning; that I gave explanations of the Scriptures in a manner calculated to turn young minds from the Holy Catholic Faith. That I had said there were many passages of the Scriptures of doubtful interpretation. That I confined my reading of the Scriptures chiefly to the Gospels and the Acts of the Apostles, thus tacitly setting aside the rest of the Bible. That in consequence of my extraordinary opinions the children's heads were quite bewildered; their characters were altogether different from what they used to be. "They appear no longer to care for 'worldly matters,' as they termed them. Their minds are full of their christian duties. They ask for a weekly allowance to give money to the poor instead of having new clothes for themselves. One child desires to have above all things a concordance of the Scriptures. Another wishes to be a missionary to the poor heathens. A third would like to be a teacher in the Ragged Schools. One relates an instance of her fasting in the morning in order to give her breakfast to some object of charity. Then (although certainly they have wonderfully improved in intellectual attainments) they regard all their accomplishments but as a means to an end. It is how they can make the most of them for the improvement of those around them. Their great ambition seems to be to become teachers themselves. Such absurd notions could never be tolerated in polite society. Every plan for their advancement in life would at once be frustrated. Instead of entering society with *eclat*, these girls would be writing sermons, teaching charity children, or working for the poor. Their friends would be bitterly disappointed in such a result." The Misses D—— could permit no such chimerical ideas to be promulgated in their school; they therefore advised me to adopt altogether a new mode of proceeding for the future, in which case they would be prepared to receive me again as their teacher, etc., etc.

My feelings on this occasion I cannot well describe. After all my labour of love, which had so thoroughly endeared me to the children, I was totally unprepared for the separation, which I felt was thus demanded of me. The alternative was bitter indeed. But the sacrifice must be made. I felt that inclination must yield to principle in all things. How could I teach these children otherwise than my conscience dictated? The thing was impossible; so when my feelings were a little calmed, I wrote a

long letter to the Misses D——, explaining my views at full length; but at the same time, declining to enter their school again unless I were permitted to carry out the principles I professed. To this letter I received no answer, and thus our engagement ended. This was my first sorrow, and I felt it most acutely. For a time I could not reason myself into submission.—*(To be continued.)*

CHARACTER.

Character is that single human possession which commands universal esteem. Within its hallowed precincts, even the profane enter with bared head and unshod feet. There is a lightning force there, or a mighty irresistible charm, that is felt alike by good and bad. The man of character has not only a secret store of happiness within, not to be wrested from him, but rejoices in peculiar safeguards against suspicion and harm. It is said that Fenelon's mere name once protected his fields from the ravages of war; and the same, in some degree, is true of every man of intrinsically noble character. Pride puts off its stiffness in the presence of the good man; rank forgets to condescend; even learning confesses to a superior. Alone is character in the high honour that is paid it.

By the sifting precepts of the present day, much that was believed to be pure grain, has turned out mere chaff. But character has only come out of the ordeal with higher honours. The material philosophy of the last century considered it was doing it the highest service by proving that it was useful; the more spiritual philosophy of the present century regards it as a something beautiful as well as useful. Now, it is not only regarded as a trustworthy means of making "the best of both worlds," but as that also which the imagination might claim and make its own. David, centuries ago, talked of the "beauty of holiness,"—the present age has adopted the sentiment. "The grace of the Lord Jesus Christ," is a phrase which has currency now as expressing the ineffable charm which breathes from *his* highest and loveliest of characters. It is at length acknowledged that grace and harmony are the natural drapery of character.

But what is character? At its highest it is a something to be better conceived of than actually expressed. One sign and witness of this highest sort of character is the nature responsive at every point to the power of excellence. That is to say, it is the nature in fullest and completest harmony. Instead of the will, the understanding, the affections and desires being at conflict, they are closely and intimately united, like the circling eddies and opposing currents of the ocean when caught up and borne onward by the great tidal force. Well, as I conceive, did Jesus point to a little child as an example of this happy union of all the faculties in one object! Mark the *entirety* of nature, so to speak, with which a child does what he is about! Now, where you see this happy union with respect to character, there you have this same object in one at least of its most attractive phases. Doubtless, a good and beautiful thing is it, where the will alone conduces to the righteous act; there is something impressive beyond description in the spectacle of a man standing up in the presence of some giant temptation, and by simple moral determination overcoming it; but more impressive and beautiful still is it, where impulse, affection, desire, conspire *with* the will towards the same blessed issue. You admire the generous deed which springs from a simple sense of duty; but what you delight in, is to see the eye glisten, and the face brighten, showing that the *whole* soul is engaged in the act. True character consists in the harmonious movement of all the faculties in the direction of excellence.

Another phase of this highest sort of character is the beautiful unconsciousness which pervades its acts. "True almsgiving," says Jesus, "is when the left hand knoweth not what the right hand giveth." And in another place, he sets before us the picture of a number of people about to be rewarded for their fidelity to him, saying, "But whence this reward? For when saw we thee an hungered, or athirst, or naked, or in prison, and ministered unto thee?" The idea is, they had done all these things, and hardly knew it. And such is the beautiful unconsciousness of all true well-doing. So simply and softly are its

acts performed, that it is, to the beholder like the advent of spring, like the dawning of day, which steals upon us unawares. We ourselves confess to the supreme beauty and attractiveness of this quality by the verdict of condemnation, we register where its opposite is seen,—where self-consciousness obtrudes itself. How often has the current of our admiration, in the presence of a virtuous act, been checked and chilled in its flow, when we perceived that the agent was conscious of his own virtue! What else than this was the great blot and stain upon the character of the Pharisee, "who went up to the temple to pray?" Oh! yes, it spoils the noblest deed, when you see that the doer himself esteems it to be such! The whole nature in harmony with excellence, and performing its beautiful acts without self-consciousness,—these are the signs and marks of character at its highest.

But this higher sort of character, I fear, is not for us, ordinary men and women. It rises before us a beautiful ideal rather than a living reality. True, there are some happy natures which do at least approximate thereto. Some few men there are, and more women, whose every impulse and desire would seem to be towards the right and true,—to whom it seems as easy and natural to do the exactly right and beautiful thing as it is to breathe; and who, meanwhile, never even suspect the good that is in them. Well content are they to go down the stream of life doing good, neither asking nor receiving praise or reward—although indeed, the world does sometimes at least, praise in its mad haste, and rejoice over them as its best jewels. But for ourselves, as I have said, we must, I fear, be content with a lower standard. Human nature, in general, is, as it were, split up into fragments without a particle of cohesion between them. One set of members, as St. Paul remarks, was against another set, and if we have wings which lift us to the skies, we have also weights which drag us back again to the earth. The action, under these circumstances, is without uniformity, unequal, the balance being sometimes to this side, at others to that; and without the inward wretchedness of the truly bad, we are also without the inward satisfactions of the truly good. This picture of ourselves, is, I fear, far above the reality; but admitting its truthfulness, the question comes, where is the remedy? and there seems but one answer to this. Tendency and impulse are fickle and treacherous; and the only way left us, is to take these tendencies and *impose* upon them the required direction. We must *constrain* our natures to good, and continue to apply the force, till they gain that movement by their own inward momentum. It is true, that to do this is, for a time, to put stiffness into our movements, and to strip them of that ease and freedom which is one of character's greatest charms; but better that, than to walk gracefully down ruin's smooth and pleasant path.

There are, as it seems to me, two stages of experience, which we all pass through with respect to character, and they correspond with the two epochs of youth and mature manhood. In youth, or rather as we enter upon early manhood, visions of excellence begin to haunt the imagination, the heart responding with warmth and fervour. The prizes of life and the pleasures of life have their attractions as well; but nothing appears so beautiful, nothing so inflames desire, as moral beauty and excellence. We read history, and its drama entertains us; but what fixes the eye, and fixes the imagination are the noble moral achievments related within. Oh, for some one, friend or parent, to seize at the moment, these dim, faint, but real longings, and tenderly draw them forth, and fix them firmly upon their proper objects! But when manhood—mature manhood—is gained, the scene changes. Neither the high, nor the low, greatly moves us. We begin languidly to talk of the weary work-a-day world. We begin to find a wonderful amount of truth in the sentiment of *everything* being "stale, flat, unprofitable." "Where's the use of it," we peevishly and impatiently exclaim at every demand for special exertion. But is this to be the end of our early visions and longings? Is the dewy freshness to exhale from our efforts to achieve excellence in this manner? Because, if *not*, then there remains for us nothing but the unconquerable will to replace the buoyancy of early temperament. Let us seek its aid without delay.—J. S., *Halifax*.

INTERPRETATION OF MARK xvi. 16.

BY J. E. BRUCE.

"He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved, but he that believeth not shall be damned."

THIS is a passage about the interpretation of which there has been much controversy. Now there are two ways of treating a controverted passage. First, we may show from the passage and its context what it does not mean, and second, we may take up the passage itself and show what it does mean. I shall call to my aid both methods in the interpretation of the passage under consideration.

It is alleged by believers of the "evangelical" schools that this passage has reference to the future state. To state their understanding of the passage I must alter it as follows: "He that believeth and is baptized in this world shall be saved in the future state, but he that believeth not and is not baptized in this world shall be doomed in the future state." The passage would indeed be formidable if it read so, or even if it admitted such a construction. But it does neither, and herein I find my first reason for denying that the passage can refer to the future state.

But again, let us look at the context. Jesus appears to his disciples after his resurrection, and beginning at the fifteenth verse, we read: "He said unto them, Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature. He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved, but he that believeth not shall be damned. And these signs shall follow them that believe: in my name they shall cast out devils; they shall speak with new tongues; they shall take up serpents; and if they eat any deadly thing it shall not hurt them; they shall lay hands on the sick and they shall recover. .....And they went forth and preached everywhere, the Lord working with them, and confirming the word with signs following."

Now how a passage like this could ever have been claimed by any sane mind to have reference to a future state of spiritual and immortal existence must be incomprehensible to all thinking men, who have not observed in what a loose and unscientific manner theological discussions are conducted. Certainly no scholar, finding like phraseology in Plato, or any Greek philosopher would ever dream of applying it to the future state; and if you were to ask him if he did not think that it might be so applied, he would be constrained to believe, either that you did not know Greek, or that you were wild.

Why look at this language. The disciples are directed—"Go ye into all the world" (of course this world) "and preach the Gospel to every creature."

They are directed to expect that certain results will follow *immediately* on the proclamation of their message, viz.: The believers will be saved, and the unbelievers will be damned. But where was this to take place? Why, the "where" is determined by the *when*. Men were saved or damned when they received or rejected the gospel, and of course in the place where they received or rejected it.

But again, the disciples were informed that certain signs should follow believers. They were to cast out devils, speak with tongues, take up serpents, drink poisons without harm, and heal the sick by the laying on of hands. The sequel informs us that all this actually took place. In view of such facts it is useless to pursue the question farther, for no man in his sober senses, and who is not driven to extremity in the support of a theory, will pretend for a moment that serpents, and sickness, and deadly drinks refer, or that they can be made to refer to a future state of spiritual and immortal existence. Perhaps I should say before passing this point that the great body of enlightened critics and scholars of all denominations agree with us in denying that this passage can have any reference to the future state. But having shown, and with the consent of these learned men, what the passage does not mean, let me now turn to the positive phase of my inquiry and show what it does mean.

"He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved." What is the belief here mentioned—what the baptism? It is evident that something is referred to, the belief of which confers salvation. Paul, in Romans i. 16, speaking of the Gospel, says: "It is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth." Again we read in James i. 21, "Receive with meekness the engrafted word which is able to save your souls." But the verse preceding the text leaves no doubt in the case. It reads, "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel," etc. "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved." The belief referred to then is belief of the Gospel, while it must be evident, since saving efficacy is attached to it, that the baptism is not water, but spirit baptism; the baptism referred to by Christ when he said (Acts i. 5.), "John truly baptized with water, but ye shall be baptized with the Holy Ghost not many days hence."

We will next inquire into the meaning of the word *saved*, as used in the text, and show how men are saved by believing the Gospel, and being baptized by the Holy Ghost.

The word *saved* is used with considerable variety of signification. We see this in the speech of common life. We speak of "saving money," "saving life," "saving the feelings of a friend," and of "saving souls." So in the New Testament there is one class of passages embracing ten or a dozen texts in which *saved* is used in the sense of physical salvation, or the saving of life; as Matt. viii. 25, "Lord save us, we perish," and so of the rest. Another class of passages, embracing some nine texts, and approximating more nearly to the strict theological signification of the term, use the word *saved* with reference to the cure of disease: as in Matt. ix. 21, 22, where the term translated by the phrase *made whole* is the original Greek word for *saved*. But in Matt. i. 21, "They shall call his name Jesus, for he shall save his people from their sins," together with ten other passages in the New Testament, we have the word *saved* in the sense of deliverance from the power of sin, and such I need scarcely add is the

signification of the word in the text under consideration. But how does belief of the Gospel and baptism by the Holy Ghost save from the power of sin? I answer by knowledge and by purity. The instructions of the Gospel, when believed, save us from a thousand sins of ignorance; while the washing of regeneration, and the renewal of the Holy Ghost (Tit. iii. 5), by cleansing and purifying the heart, save us from the wilful sins that arise out of the evil inclinations of the flesh. He who is instructed in his duty by the teachings of the Gospel, and whose heart is made pure by the baptism of the spirit, or in short—"He that believeth and is baptized, shall be saved."

Having now shown what is meant by the term "saved" in the text, and also how men are saved by Christian belief and baptism, it only remains that I ask and answer the question: What is meant by the phrase "He that believeth not shall be damned"? Herein is thought to be a serious difficulty in the way of Universalist interpreters. But let me say that this is a difficulty which is seen as such mainly by English readers. The least acquaintance with Greek shows the reader at once that the so-called difficulty is not half so formidable as he had at first supposed it to be. Suppose this phrase to be changed thus: He that believeth not shall be *condemned*. Every English reader would say at once that the force of the passage against Universalism had been weakened, if not destroyed. Well, my orthodox friend, if you do not read Greek, let me inform you (and every scholar will tell you the same) that the Greek of the text would be quite as faithfully rendered by "shall be condemned" as it is by "shall be damned." Indeed, this Greek term is translated indifferently by either phrase in the New Testament. Sometimes, as in the text, it is translated "shall be damned," and again, as in John iii. 18, the same term is translated "condemned."

Allow me to call your attention more fully to the passage referred to in John. It furnishes a forcible illustration of the advantages to be derived from interpretating Scripture by Scripture. Beginning at the 16th we read: "For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life. For God sent not his Son into the world to condemn (or to damn) the world, but that the world through him might be saved. He that believeth on him is not condemned (or is not damned), but he that believeth not is condemned (or damned) already, because he hath not believed in the only begotten Son of God. And this is the condemnation (or damnation) that light is come into the world, and men loved darkness rather than light, because their deeds were evil. For every one that doeth evil hateth the light, neither cometh to the light, lest his deeds should be reproved. But he that doeth truth cometh to the light, that his deeds may be made manifest, that they are wrought in God."

Now it is a singular and instructive fact, that, much as the passage in Mark has been pressed against us, this passage in John is never mentioned as militating against Universalism. Yet here is the identical Greek word used in Mark, and the same subject is treated. John is drawing a parallel between Moses and Christ, and showing how, through belief in the Son of God, the "world might be saved." He shows that "He that believeth" is not "condemned" already. The salvation is a present salvation following as the *immediate* result of belief in the Son of God; while the damnation, or condemnation, is a result equally present, and following as a consequence of disbelief or rejection of the Gospel. For, mark this expression: "He that believeth not is condemned *already*"—not will be condemned (or damned) in the future state, but is *now* in a state of condemnation.

"And this is the condemnation." What is? Punishment in a future hell? No; but this rather: "that light is come into the world, and men (in the world, of course) loved darkness rather than light, because their deeds are evil." The love of darkness and hatred of light, the rejection of the Gospel and the doing of despite to the Spirit of Grace, the neglect of Christ and the refusal to submit to the baptism of the Holy Ghost, these things make up the condemnation of men before God. Such persons out of an evil heart do evil for the love of evil, and they are already in the "gall of bitterness and the bonds of iniquity." They do not wait for trial, or for judgment, but fall under the designation of that text which says, "*Now* is the judgment of this world." Such an one might truthfully say of his condition, "I walk in darkness, I live in torture. Punishment waits upon my steps. Hell goes with me. Aye, and myself am hell." Truly, then, "He that believeth not shall be damned."

To recapitulate, we have seen: First, that the text in question cannot refer to the future state. Second, that the belief referred to is belief of the Gospel. Third, that the baptism is spirit baptism. Fourth, that the word "saved" means "deliverance from the power of sin." Fifth, that the phrase "shall be damned" has reference to that condemnation which consists in loving darkness rather than light, and in following the inclinations of an evil heart rather than the promptings of the Holy Spirit; and Sixth, that as the salvation is present and the immediate result of belief in this life, so likewise the damnation must be present, and must be suffered in the same state where the opposite condition is enjoyed.

RAINY SUNDAYS.

People find it easy to excuse themselves from church-going on stormy Sundays, but they are generally the chief sufferers for their effeminacy. The hours hang heavy—the spirits are depressed, and the temper is often uncommonly peevish, from a secret feeling of shame and neglect of duty. The Portland *Transcript* has some very pertinent reflections on this subject:

"A rainy Sunday is the church-goer's holiday. When he is awakened in the morning by the drops pattering upon the roof or window-pane he nestles more comfortably in his bed and con-

gratulates himself because he may take another nap. He rises at a late hour and comes down with a headache, which somehow a strong cup of coffee does not dispel. Then he casts about for employment; for of course he is not going to church in the rain! He might muddy his boots, or spoil his beaver—silk hat, we mean! Perhaps he takes up the last novel; but if he is a business man, it is more probable that he will look over some old accounts, even going to the store, in spite of the rain, to do so!

"So the day wears leadenly on; and in spite of himself he feels uncomfortable. He has spent the day wretchedly, and he knows it; yet surely you would not have him go to church in the rain?

"But we would, though! That is just what rainy Sundays are made for. When the sun shines and the grass is green; when

"'Flowers are springing, birds are singing,'

and all is fair without, then one can worship in the open air, and in the devotional walk have all his deepest religious feeling aroused. But when the sky lowers and the rain or snow falls, it is the duty of all to go to church.

"For our part we like a stormy Sunday for church-going better than a fair one. We always liked to go to school on rainy days, because then there were fewer scholars, and we got more of the master's attention. Then, too, he became familiar, put by his stern demeanour, and drawing the faithful few around him, told us tales, or explained the difficult lessons. There was a cosiness about the school-room on such days that we liked.

"So on rainy Sundays we go to church because then we can get a larger share of the sermon. When the house is full, and the butterflies of fashion are fluttering in the pews, and rank is there with haughty head, we never can get any good from the preacher. We feel overlooked in the bustling crowd, and are disturbed by the wandering glances and loud whisperings of over-dressed girls and rustling matrons. There is always a little boy to kick his heels against the pew, and move restlessly about from seat to seat; there is always an old gentleman to nod his head at us with close shut eyes, as if answering our internal questionings. There is a cold air of the world, of formal ceremony and heartless parade about the church that chills the religious element in our being.

"But on rainy Sundays, when the butterflies remain at home for the fear of soiling their wings, and the little boy plays horse at home in the garret, and the old gentleman takes his nap upon his own bed, we get a good share of the sermon, and seldom go to sleep. Then the few present are dressed in subdued colours, are quiet and attentive, and a sort of grateful gloom comes in at the hazy windows, and wraps all in partial obscurity. Then the preacher puts aside the airs of oratory. Then the spirit of true religion seems to rest upon the worshippers, and the world is shut out. Then, indeed, it is good to be there.

"Reader, if you would enjoy a rainy Sunday, go to church."

HANNAH BAILEY.

One summer evening, years ago, a little girl carrying a large bundle was slowly walking along the principal street of a village, when the sound of music arrested her steps. The sweet tones proceeded from a cottage, which stood at a little distance from the road, and involuntarily the child drew near to the gate to listen. All around was very calm and quiet; no passing carriages, no noisy, happy children disturbed the stillness of the moment; and as the music came floating down the lawn, blending with the faint rustling of the leaves and the indescribable hum of insect life, it might have attracted an older and more critical person than the ragged, weary-looking child, who had dropped her bundle, and stood peeping through the lattice.

The tune was simple, but the tones of the piano were rich and full, the voice sweet and clear; and though the child could not distinguish the words, she felt they must be good.

"Ain't it pretty!" she said half aloud, to herself, after listening attentively for a few moments, and her eyes brightened. "I know who it is; it is the doctor's daughter playing on her piano."

While she spoke, the music ceased. She waited some time, but all remained quiet, and slowly and reluctantly she turned away, and prepared to take up her bundle, while the happy look faded from her face.

Suddenly she turned, and again spoke aloud. "I mean to go and ask her to sing something to *me*." And she hurriedly unlatched the gate, and took a few steps up the gravelled walk. Then she paused, and glanced down at her torn dress and bare feet.

"I don't look very nice," she murmured, and an expression, half sorrow, half shame, shadowed her countenance; "but they say Miss Nellie's good natured," she added, "and I guess I'll go." And she walked hastily on to the porch.

The hall door was open, as also was the parlour door, so the child could look in and see a young girl sitting before the piano. She was about sixteen; not beautiful, but she had soft, brown hair, a white brow, and a smile that seemed to fill the room with sunshine. She was busily engaged in arranging music, and did not at first observe the child, who had not courage to knock. At last she raised her eyes, and slightly started with surprise, but said kindly: "Come in, little girl."

Encouraged by her manner, the child entered the pleasant parlour, and stood amazed at the comfort and cheerfulness of the room. There were bright flowers all about, bright curtains, and a bright carpet that felt soft to her feet; but in the midst of all this brightness, she remained bewildered and silent, thinking again with regret of her ragged and soiled dress. Twice the young lady asked:

"What do you want, my child?"

Then she answered: "I heard you singing in the street, and I thought perhaps you would sing something for me. Will you, please?"

"Yes, certainly," answered the astonished young girl; "what would you like?"

"I don't know, miss; you know," said the child.

But Nellie Grant did not know, and never in her life was she so puzzled to decide what to play. She turned over her music in great perplexity, but could find nothing suited to this forlorn little child. So she laid it aside, and striking a few chords, began to sing the tune the girl had listened to in the street. The words were those of that sublime hymn,

"Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee."

Nellie sang the verses with distinctness and expression, and in listening to her, the child forgot the brightness about, and her own dark poverty; the colour came to her pale cheek, and she remained perfectly motionless, with her head slightly bent forward.

"Do you like that hymn?" asked Nellie, when she had finished.

"Oh! very much," answered the child, and a little sigh came from her full heart.

"Now," said Nellie, "will you tell me what your name is, and where you live?"

"My name is Hannah Bailey," was the answer; "and I live with father, in a little house by the bridge."

"And your mother?" said Nellie, inquiringly.

"Mother died four years ago," replied the girl, gently.

"Who takes care of you?" asked Nellie. "Have you any brothers or sisters?"

"No," answered Hannah; I take care of myself; I'm eleven years old."

"Do you go to Church or Sunday-school?"

"No, ma'am."

"Would you like to go?" persisted Nellie.

"I don't know as I should," said the little girl, indifferently.

"Hannah," said Nellie, after a pause, "do you like to hear me sing?"

"Oh! yes, indeed—yes, indeed," was the animated reply.

"Well," said Nellie, "if you will go to Sunday-school, I will sing to you every week if you will come here."

"I'll go," said the child, decidedly. And then her voice dropped, and she added: "Perhaps father won't let me—he won't unless he's sober; and I haven't got clothes."

"If your father will let you," said Nellie, "and you will promise to go, you shall have some clothes."

The child looked pleased. Then, as it was getting dark, she hastened home. Nellie watched her as she ran down the walk, and heard her repeating to herself all of those beautiful words that she could remember—"Rock of ages, *rock for me.*"

Before the next Sabbath, some ladies, interested by Nellie, visited Hannah's home. It was a wretched hovel, to which heat and cold, storm and sunshine were freely admitted by the broken doors and windows, and was almost entirely destitute of furniture. No one could doubt that little Hannah had often suffered from cold, and was pinched by hunger. A reluctant consent was obtained from her father for her to attend church, and clothes were provided. The next Sabbath the child was at church; and the following Tuesday, she came to hear Nellie sing.

The summer passed by, and the mellow autumn came and went. Little Hannah had been quite regular in her attendance at the Sabbath-school, never absent unless detained by her father. At first it was very hard to interest this neglected child in religious truths—what she was taught she so quickly forgot; but as she was really bright, before long she began to improve. She never forgot to go to hear Nellie sing, and Nellie was always pleasant and ready to gratify her. In return for her kindness, the child lavished on her all the affection of her strong nature. No matter what else Nellie sung to please her, each time, before leaving, Hannah would say, "Now please sing, 'Rock for me.'"

It is not necessary to pursue the history of Hannah Bailey. My story has missed its aim, if it has not already taught an important lesson. Those who possess personal advantages or acquirements of any kind never taste so sweet a pleasure in their exercise as when employing them in gently winning the young, the ignorant, the neglected, or the vicious, to the ways of godliness.

A PRAYER.

"ETERNAL and incomprehensible Mind, who by thy boundless power, before time began, createdst innumerable worlds for thy glory, and innumerable orders of beings for their happiness, which thy infinite goodness prompted thee to know. We, thy creatures, vanish into nothing before thy Supreme Majesty; we hourly feel our weakness; we daily bewail our vices; we continually acknowledge our folly. If creatures too ignorant to conceive, and too depraved to pursue the means of their own happiness, may, without presumption, express wants to their Creator, let us humbly supplicate thee to remove from us that evil, which thou hast permitted for a time to exist, that the ultimate good of all be complete, and to secure us from that vice which thou sufferest to spread snares around us that the triumph of virtue may be more conspicuous. Irradiate our minds with all useful truth, instil into our hearts a spirit of general benevolence; give understanding to the foolish; meekness to the proud; temperance to the dissolute; fortitude to the feeble-hearted; hope to the despondent; faith to the unbelieving; diligence to the slothful; patience to those who are in pain; and celestial aid to those who are in danger; comfort the afflicted; relieve the distressed; supply the hungry with salutary food, and thirsty with a plentiful stream. Be indulgent to our imperfect nature, and supply our imperfections with thy heavenly favour. When we address thee in our retirement from the vanities of the world, if our prayers are foolish, pity us; if presumptuous, pardon us; if acceptable to thee, grant them: all powerful God, grant them. And, as with our living voice, and with our dying lips, we will express our submission to thy decrees, adore thy providence, and bless thy dispensations; so in all future states to which we reverently hope thy goodness will raise us, grant that we may continue praising, admiring, venerating, worshipping thee more and more, through worlds without number, and ages without end."—*Sir Wm. Jones.*

WAYSIDE GATHERINGS.

LOVE.—Where love is, there is no labour; and if there is labour, the labour is loved.

TRUTH SPOKEN IN JEST.—Mr. Olin verily believed that if there were a proposition that all mankind should be saved, somebody would object to it.

POLITENESS.—There is no policy like politeness; and a good manner is the best thing in the world to a good name, or to supply the want of it.

HOPE.—Among some of the South Sea Islanders the compound word for hope is beautifully expressive. It is "manaolana," or the *swimming thought*—faith floating and keeping its head above water, when all the waves and billows are going over one.

COMPENSATION.—Nature is a great believer in compensations. Those to whom she sends wealth, she saddles with lawsuits and dyspepsia. The poor never indulge in woodcock, but they have a style of appetite that converts a number-one mackerel into a salmon, and that is quite as well.

WATER AND MORALS.—A very slight declivity suffices to give the running motive to water. Three inches per mile, in a smooth, straight channel, give a velocity of about three miles per hour. Now what is true of water is equally true of fortune. The best of men only need a slight push of adversity to obtain a downhill momentum. Be careful, therefore, how you lose your equilibrium.

TEMPERANCE.—A man of property, whose health happened to give way under long-continued intemperance, consulted Dr. S——, who said, "I can cure you if you will do as I bid you." His patient promised obedience. "Now," said the doctor, "you must steal a horse. Yes—you must steal a horse. You will be arrested, convicted, and placed in a situation where your diet and regimen will be such that in a short time your health will be perfectly restored."

SOMETHING TO LOVE.—The human heart of course has its pouting fits; it determines to live alone; to flee into desert places; to have no employment—that is, to love nothing, but to keep on sullenly beating, until death lays his finger on the sulky thing, and all is still. It flees away from the world, and straightway, shut away from human company, it falls in love with a plant, or stone; yea, it is the beautiful necessity of our nature to love something.

THE THANKFUL HEART.—If one should give me a dish of sand, and tell me there were particles of iron in it, I might look for them with my eyes and search for them with my clumsy fingers, and be unable to detect them; but let me take a magnet and sweep through it, and how would it draw to itself the almost invisible particles by the mere power of attraction! The unthankful heart, like my finger in the sand, discovers no mercies; but let the thankful heart sweep through the day, and as the magnet finds the iron, so it will find in every hour some heavenly blessings; only the iron in God's sand is gold.—*O. W. Holmes.*

BE KIND TO YOUR SISTERS.—Boys, be kind to your sisters. You may live to be old, and never find such tender, loving friends, as these sisters. Think how many things they do for you; how patient they are with you; how they love you in spite of your ill temper or rudeness; how thoughtful they are for your comfort; and be you thoughtful of theirs. Be ever ready to oblige them, to perform any little office for them that lies in your power. Think what you can do for them, and if they express a wish, be ready to gratify it, if possible. You do not know how much happiness you will find in so doing. I never knew a happy and respectable man who was not in his youth kind to his sisters.

A LONG PRAYER.—The following story is told of Rev. Walter Jackson, a Scotch Presbyterian of the last generation: The prayers of even godly men were at that time very long and heavy, comprehending sometimes a system of divinity. Jackson was notorious for length. He was attending a funeral at Hallmyre. The company had assembled in the barn to get some refreshment, and having partaken, he was asked to return thanks. He commenced in right good earnest with the fall of Adam, and was going from one great Bible doctrine to another until patience was exhausted. Significant looks passed among the mourners; one by one they started for Newlands churchyard. When Walter came to a close, and opened his eyes, he found himself alone, and on inquiry discovered that the procession was fully a mile away.

MAY *versus* SHALL.—"All the ends of the earth *shall* remember, and turn unto the Lord; and all the kindreds of the nations *shall* worship before him." *Nota Bene:* The Psalmist does not say, *may* remember, and *may* turn, if they will, unto the Lord, and *may* worship before him, for this good reason, that what *may be, may* as well *not be*; but what *shall be*, cannot be otherwise. So "I have sworn by myself (the word has gone out of my mouth in righteousness, and shall not return), that unto me every knee *shall* bow, and every tongue *shall* swear [*i. e.*, confess or truly say], In the Lord have I righteousness and strength." "Thou shalt call his name Jesus, for he *shall save* his people from their sins"—not *may save* them, if they have a mind to let him. His system is no mere hypothesis of what *may be*, if certain conditions are fulfilled; or what *may not be*, if the conditions fail. It is not a mere proposal from God that he will do something, if man will do something else on his part; but it is an absolute announcement of *what shall be done.* "His people *shall be willing* in the day of his power." It saith not that salvation is *possible and may be*, but it saith that salvation *shall be* to "the ends of the earth."

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